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Songs of Seven.

"BUT I'LL LOVE HIM MORE, MORE THAN E'ER WIFE LOVED BEFORE, BE THE DAYS DARK OR BRIGHT."

Collection of "Masterpieces"

JEAN INGELOW

Songs of Seven

With numerous original illustrations by

KIRK ESTÉ

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NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Seven Times One. Exultation.

"I'VE SAID MY 'SEVEN TIMES' OVER AND OVER,
SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN."

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times One. Exultation.

There's no dew left on the
daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven :
I've said my "seven times" over
and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a
letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;

The lambs play always, they
know no better ;
They are only one times one.

"O MOON! IN THE NIGHT I HAVE SEEN YOU
SAILING AND SHINING SO ROUND
AND LOW."

O moon! in the night I have seen
you sailing
And shining so round and
low;
You were bright! ah, bright!
but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a
bow.

You moon, have you done some-
thing wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your
face?
I hope if you have you will soon
be forgiven,
And shine again in your
place.

"O VELVET BEE, YOU'RE A DUSTY FELLOW."

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

"O BRAVE MARSHMARY BUDS."

O cuckoopint, toll me the purple
clapper
That hangs in your clear green
bell !

And show me your nest with the
young ones in it ;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, lin-
net, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

Seven Times Two. Romance.

"I WISH AND I WISH THAT THE SPRING WOULD
GO FASTER, NOR LONG SUMMER
BIDE SO LATE."

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Two. Romance.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring
out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's
note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or
by swelling
No magical sense conveys,

And bells have forgotten their
old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once
they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone ;
Made his heart yearn again, mus-
ing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your
good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing shall
aught, aught discover
You leave the story to me.

"MADE HIS HEART YEARN AGAIN, MUSING SO WEARILY ALL BY HIMSELF ON A STONE."

The foxglove shoots out of the
green matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the
sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring
would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the
foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear
hearts shall discover.
While dear hands are laid on
my head;

THE FOXGLOVE SHOOTS OUT OF THE GREEN MATTED HEATHER.

" The child is a woman, the book
may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds
cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;
The bells cannot ring it, but long
years, O bring it !
Such as I wish it to be.

"THE BELLS CANNOT RING IT."

Seven Times Three.
Love.

I LEANED OUT OF WINDOW, I SMELT THE WHITE CLOVER, DARK, DARK WAS THE GARDEN, I SAW NOT THE GATE.

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Three. Love.

I leaned out of window, I smelt
the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I
saw not the gate ;
" Now, if there be footsteps, he
comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush ! O
sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late !

" The skies in the darkness stoop
nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like
fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes
sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and
what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

" You night moths that hover
where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or
settle or sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and
the pathway discover

To him that comes darkling
along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and
yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it
waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and
through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I
had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

BY THE SYCAMORE
PASSED HE, AND THROUGH
THE WHITE CLOVER.

Seven Times Four.
Maternity.

"HEIGH HO! DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS."

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Four. Maternity.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-
cups!
Mother shall thread them a
daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty
hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little
ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide
though the house be but
narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-
cups,
Sweet wagging cowslips they
bend and they bow;

A ship sails afar over warm
ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth
stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O
sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-
cups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately
and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter
and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious
of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure
smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

Seven Times Five.
Widowhood.

I SHALL NOT DIE, BUT
LIVE FORLORE.

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Five. Widowhood.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes
moan
Before I am well awake ;
"Let me bleed ! O let me alone,
Since I must not break !"

For children wake,
though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and head:
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

"THOUGH FATHERS SLEEP."

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
And a world happy and fair!
I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,
But a waste of reedy rills!

O what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;

O once to feel thy spirit anear ;
I could be content !

Or once between the gates of
gold,
While an entering angel trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God !

Seven Times Six.
Giving in Marriage.

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Six. Giving in Marriage.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
  Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
  Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
  And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
  Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
  This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
  "Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind!
  To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
  My soul put by her fears—
O fond, O fool, and blind!
  God guards in happier spheres;

That man will guard where he
did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words
are said,
Thy face no more she views:
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

Seven Times Seven.
Longing for Home.

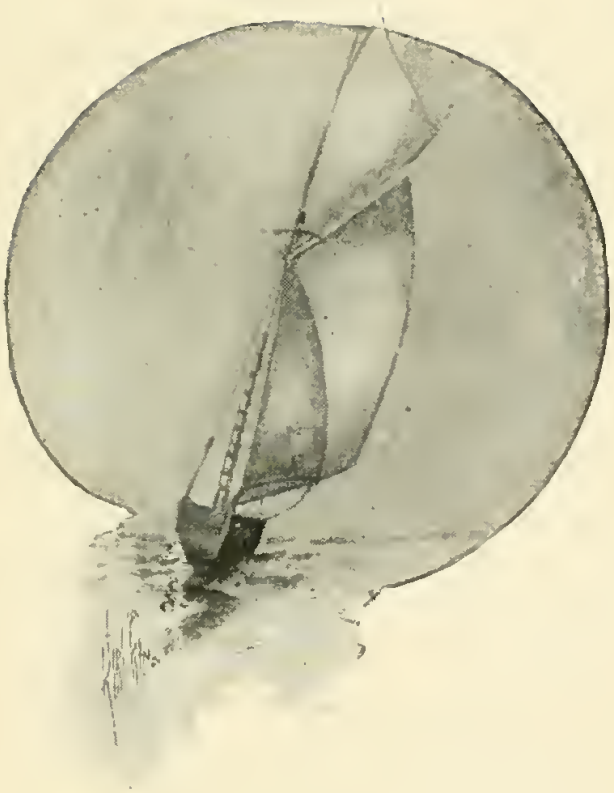
NAY, BUT THE PORT
WHERE MY SAILOR WENT,
AND THE LAND WHERE MY
NESTLINGS BE.

Songs of Seven.

Seven Times Seven. Longing for Home.

I.

A song of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,



"LIGHTLY SHE ROCKED TO HER PORT REMOTE"

And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat
And my dreams upon the pillow.

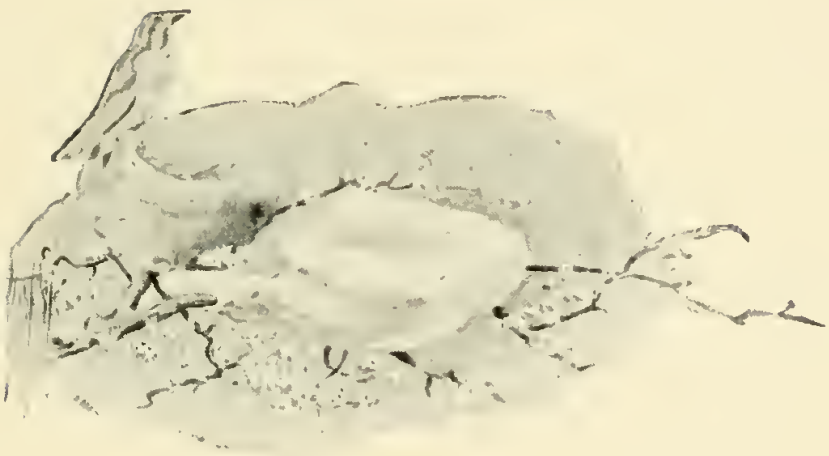
"I MARKED HER COURSE TILL A DANCING MOTE SHE FADED OUT ON THE MOONLIT FOAM."

III.

I pray you hear my song of a
boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat you shall find none
fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad
she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the
heavenly shore,
For he came not back to
me—
Ah me !

IV.

A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow :



"I PRAY YOU HEAR MY SONG OF A NEST, FOR IT IS NOT LONG."

Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—

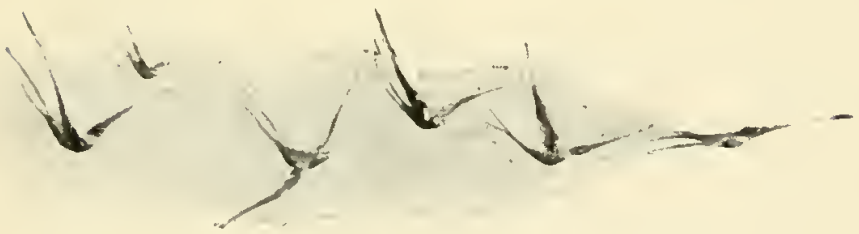
Vetches leaned over it purple and
dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a
nest,
For it is not long :—
You shall never light, in a sum-
mer quest,
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder
sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender
twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but
when they were grown



"O, ONE AFTER ONE THEY FLEW AWAY
FAR UP TO THE HEAVENLY BLUE."

They spread out their wings to
fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,

To the better country, the upper
day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to
me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I
stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I
anchor yet,
Though my good man has
sailed?
Can I call that home where my
nest was set,

Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

THE END.

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Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

"THE SLUGGISH CLOD, WHICH THE RUDE SWAIN TURNS WITH HIS SHARE, AND TREADS UPON."

Specimen Pages,

"Evangeline." Longfellow.

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"'PATIENCE!' THE PRIEST WOULD SAY."

"This is the forest primeval"

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,

"WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND."

"HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS."

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